Thou hadſt bin better haue been borne a dog,
Then anſwere my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Iſt come to this?
Ot. Make me to ſee't, or at the leaſt ſo proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doeſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce;
On horrors head, horrors accumulate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde, greater then that.
Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a ſoule or ſence?
God buy you, take my office, --O wretched foole,
That liueſt to make thine honeſty a vice;
O monſtrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
Ile loue no friend ſince loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay, thou ſhouldſt be honeſt.
Iag. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſtie's a foole,
And loſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the world,
I thinke my wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not,
I thinke that thou art iuſt, and thinke thou art not;
Ile haue ſome proofe: her name that was as freſh
As *Dians* viſage, is now begrimd, and blacke
As mine owne face: If there be cords, or kniues,
Poyſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not endure it: would I were ſatiſfied.
Iag. I ſee ſir, you are eaten vp with paſſion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you;
You would be ſatisfied.
Oth. Would, nay, I will.
Iag. And may, but how, how ſatisfied my Lord?
Would you, the ſuperuiſion groſſely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth.